

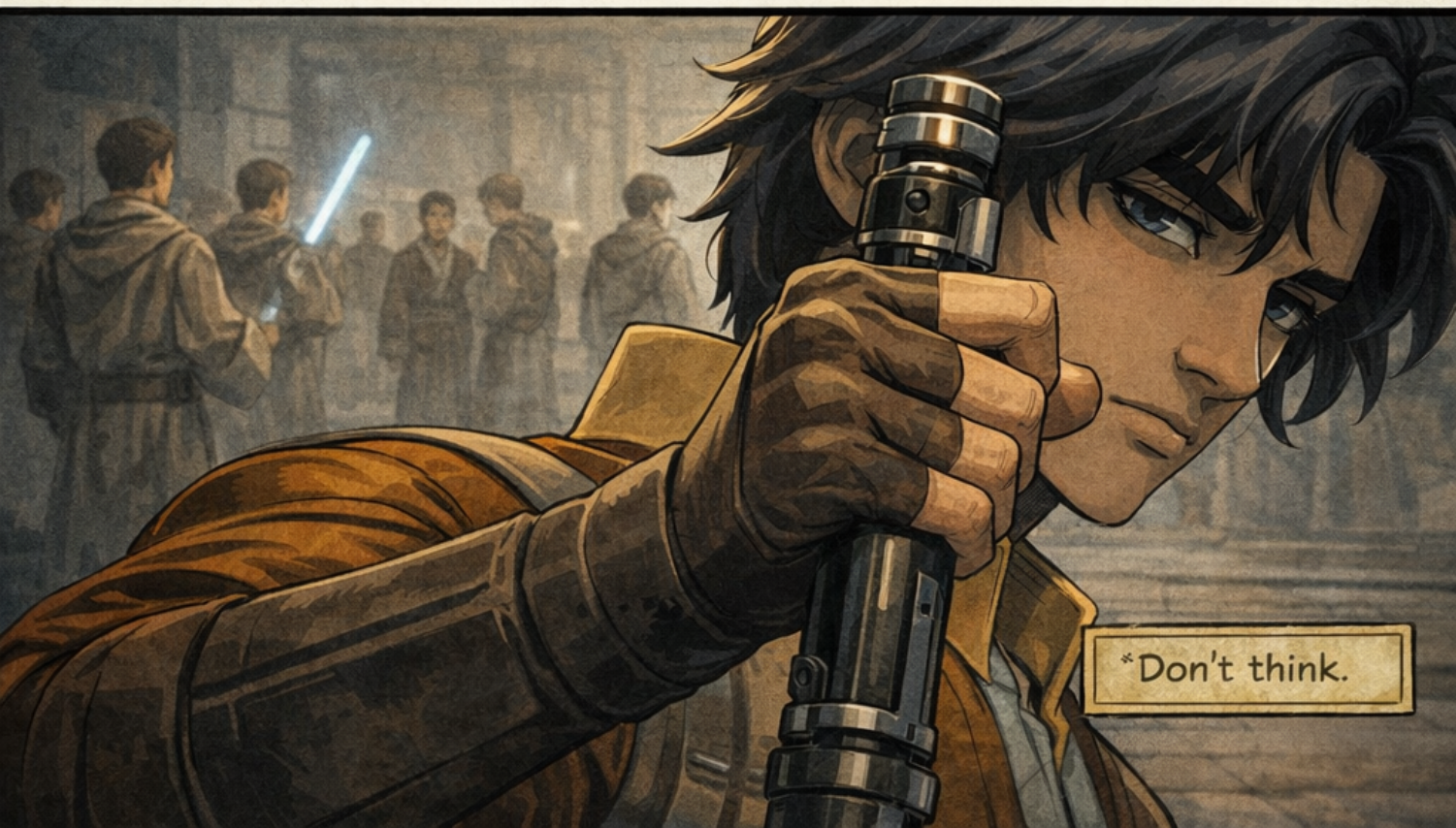
MARVEL

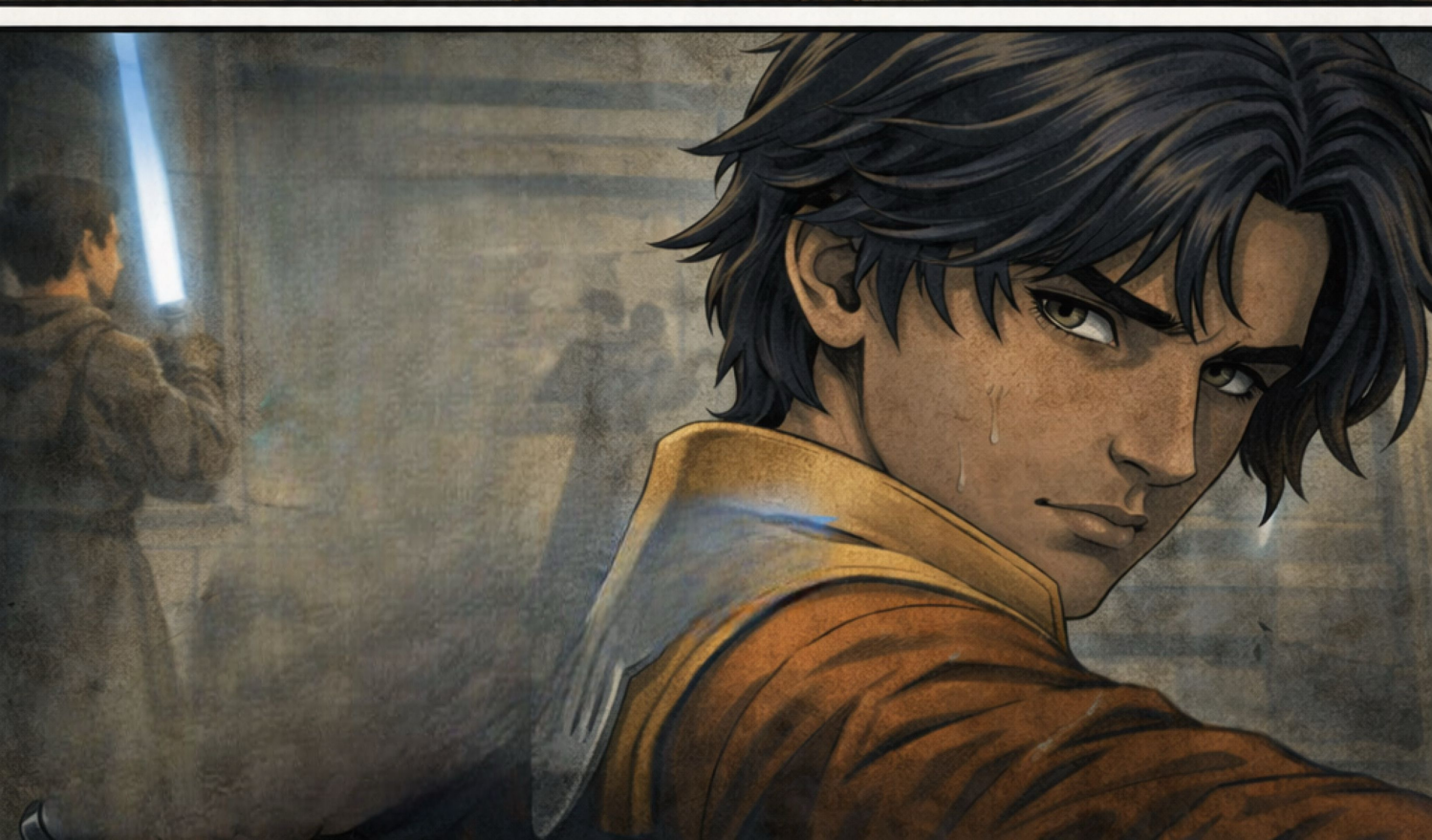
**STAR
WARS**
REBELS
10TH ANNIVERSARY



STAR WARS #43 REBELS 10TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT COVER BY CASPAR WIJNGAARD
JARRUS AND ZEB









Ezra Bridger.

A comic book panel showing a Jedi Master with a beard and brown robes standing on the left, looking towards Ezra Bridger on the right. Ezra is seen from the back, wearing an orange jumpsuit and a grey utility pack. The background is a stone corridor with arches.



The Council will announce
The Trial of Flesh soon. Be ready."

A comic book panel showing the same two characters. The Jedi Master is speaking. Ezra is looking back over his shoulder at the Jedi Master.

...Okay, whatever.





You wanna talk?



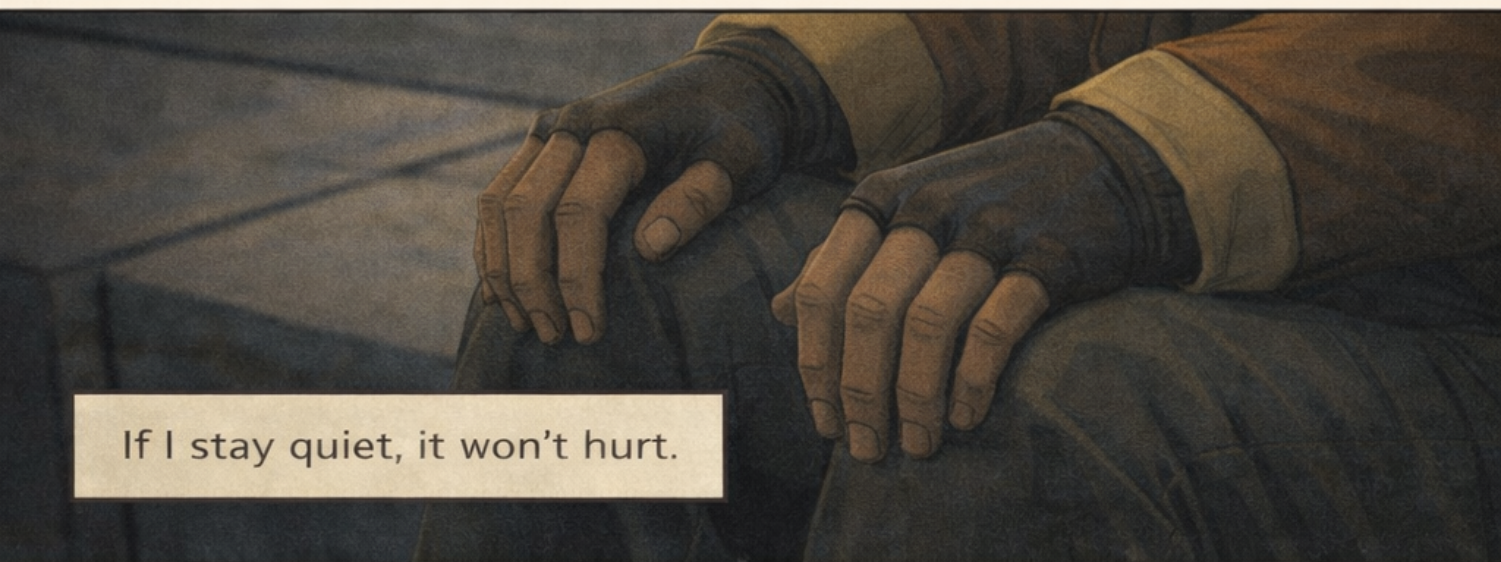
About what?



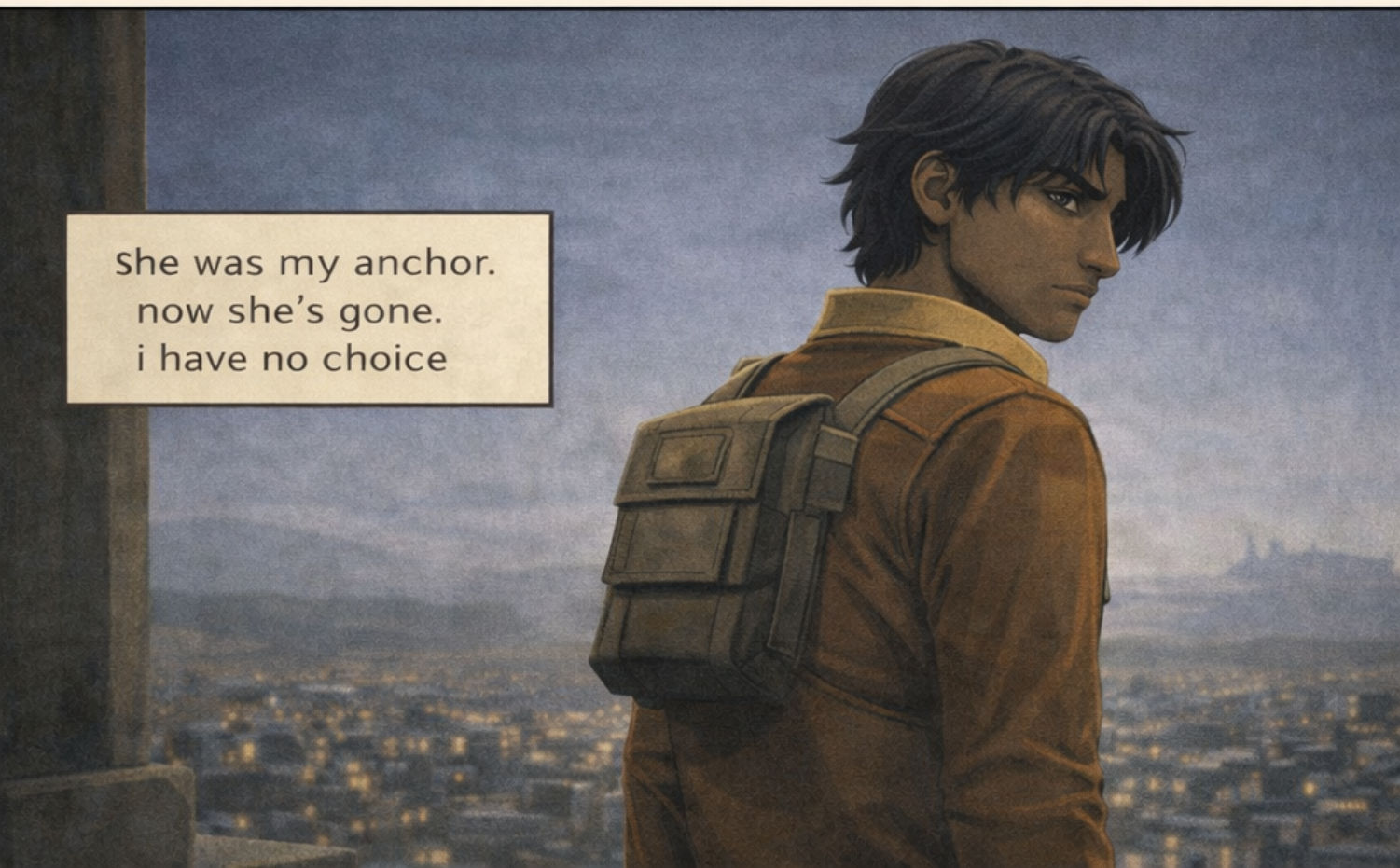
"You tell me."



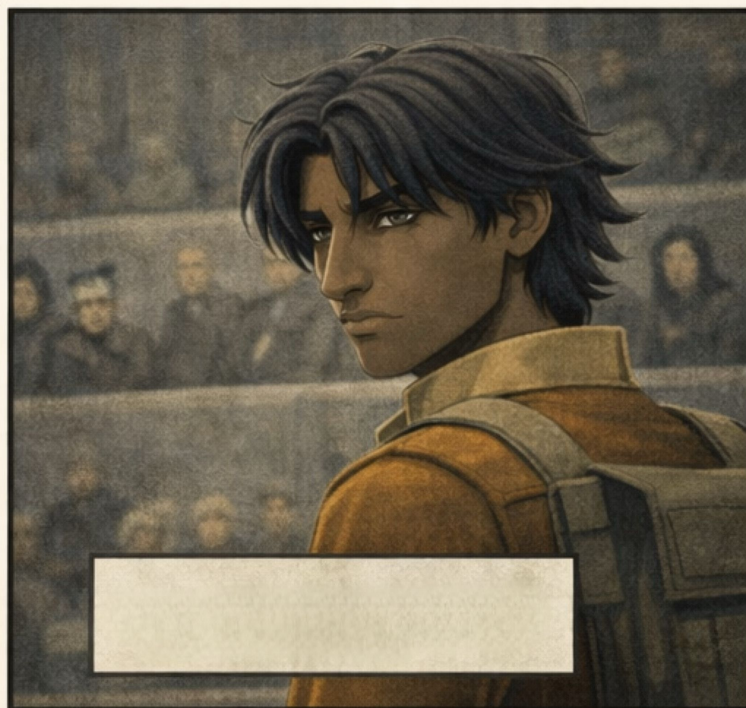
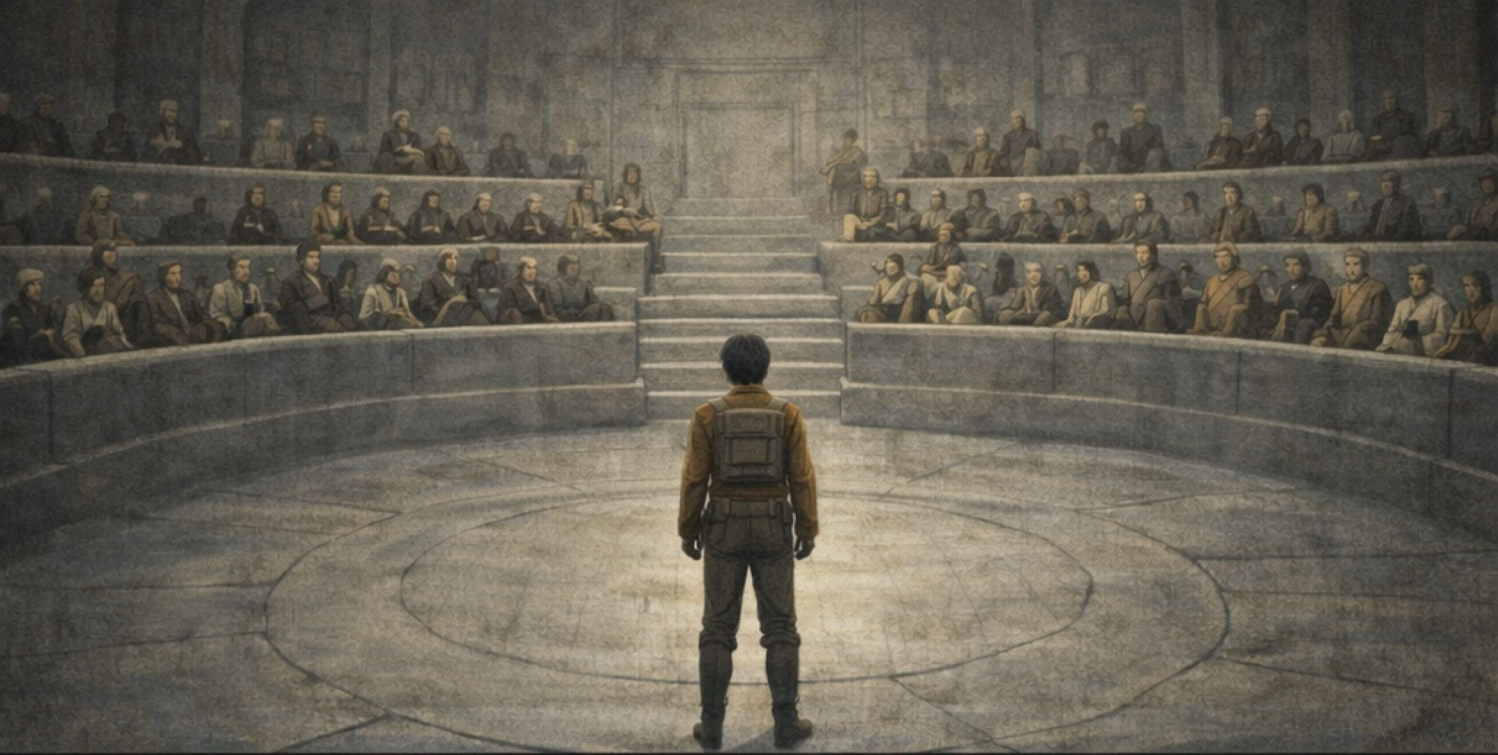
"I'm fine."



If I stay quiet, it won't hurt.



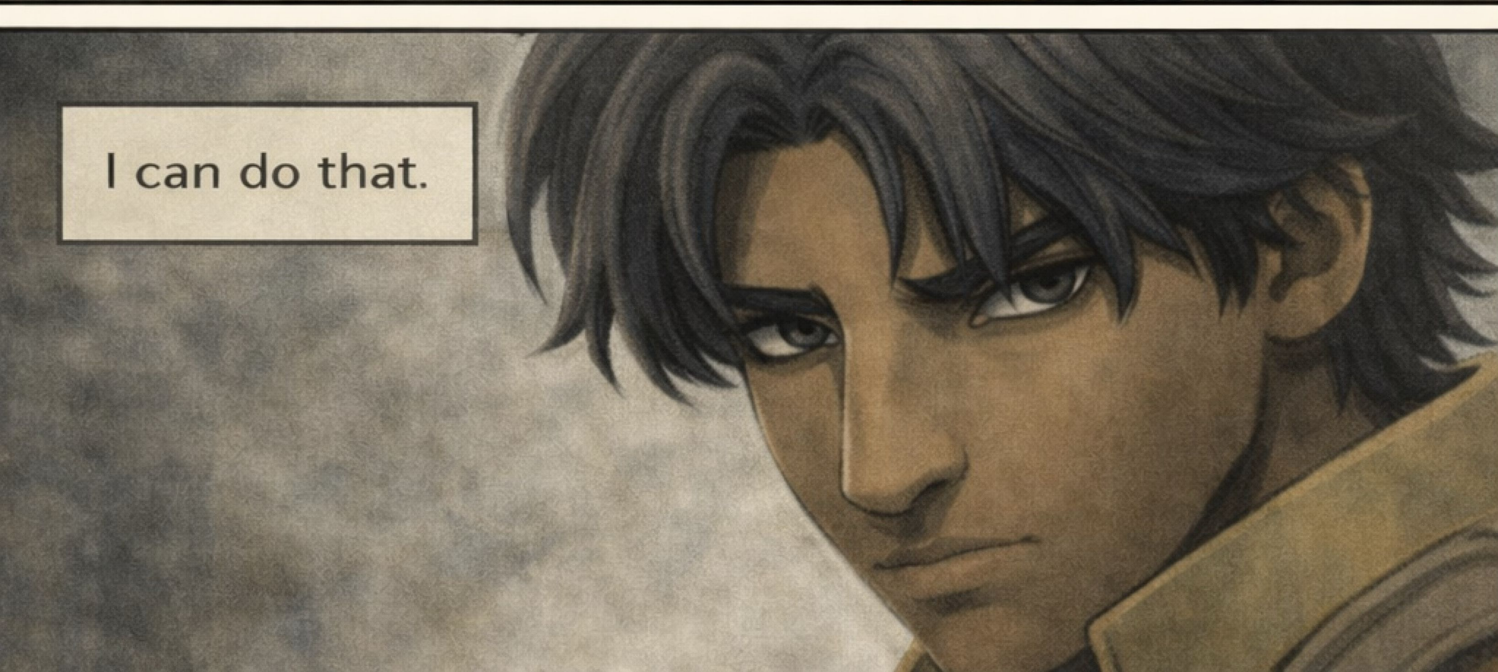
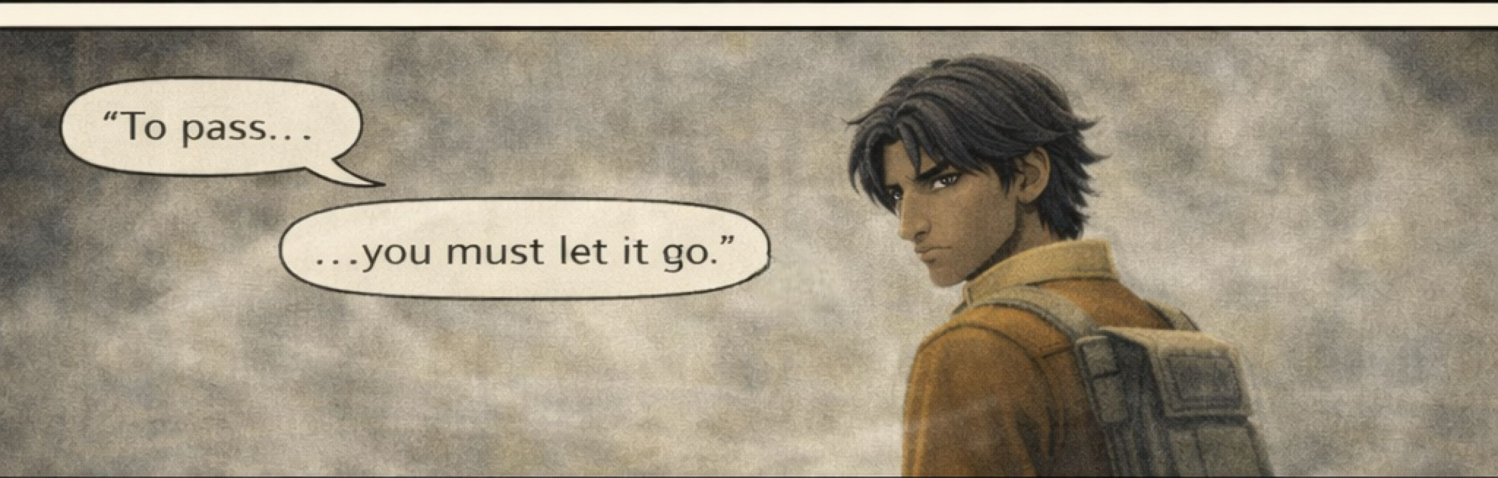
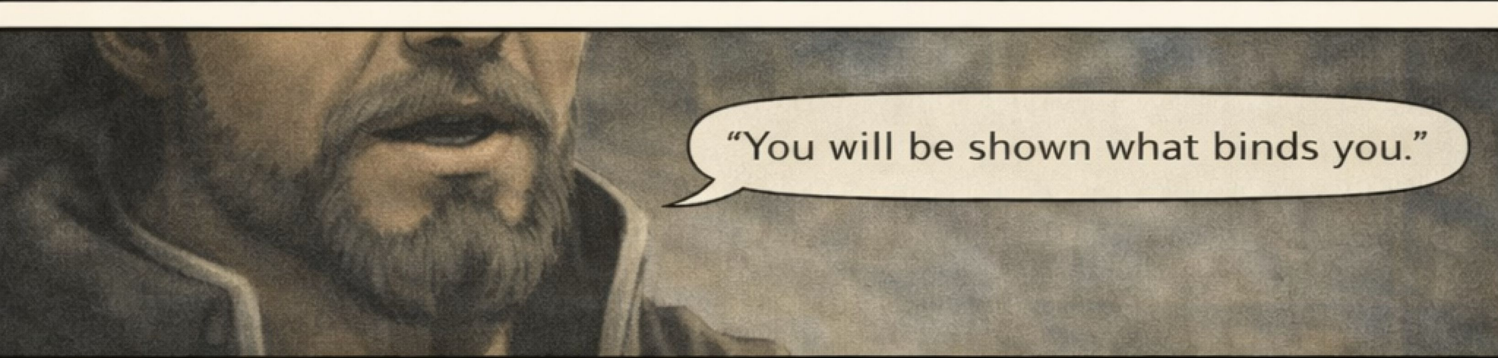
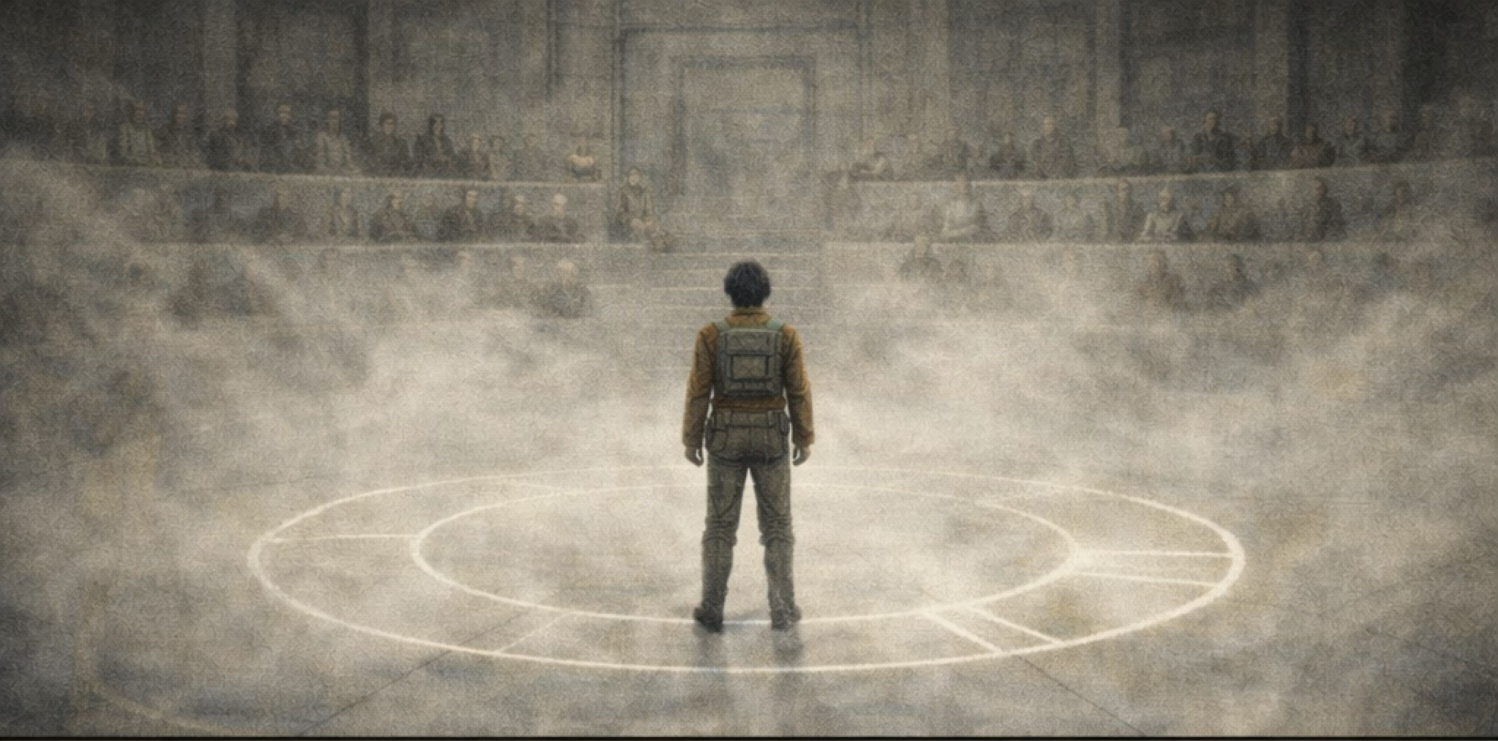
she was my anchor.
now she's gone.
i have no choice

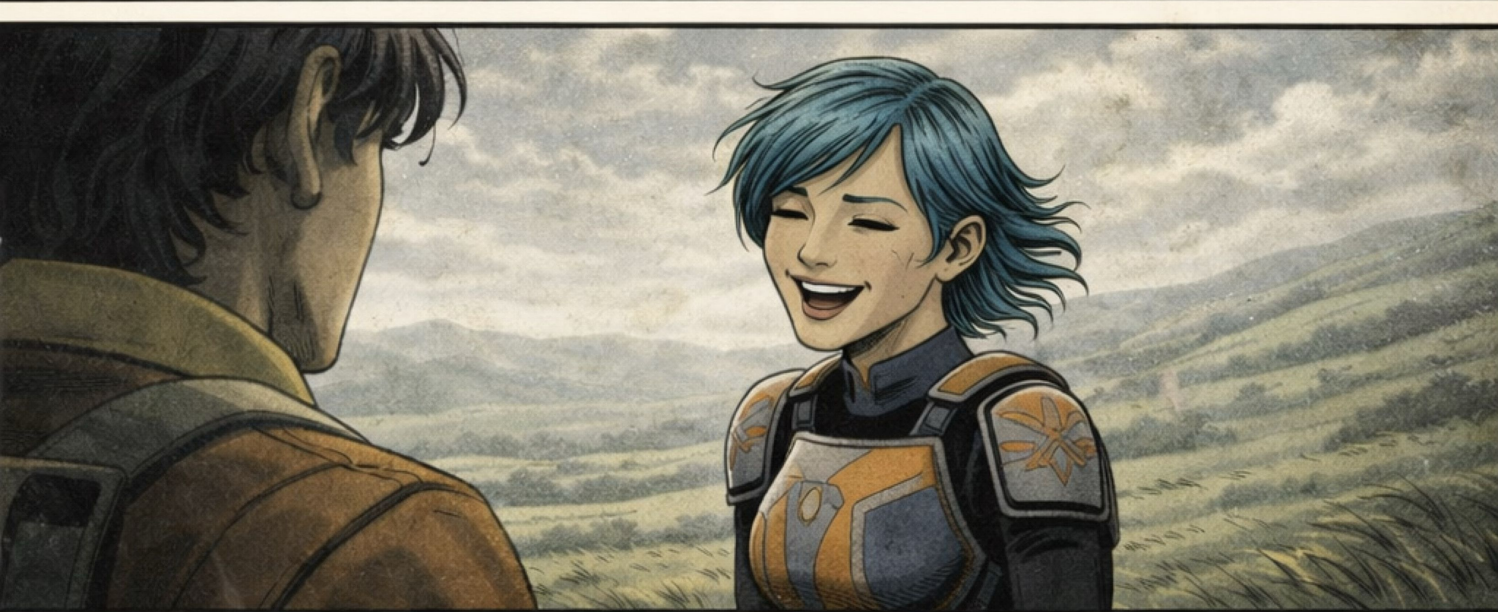


"The Trial of Flesh tests
what remains...."

...when comfort is removed."





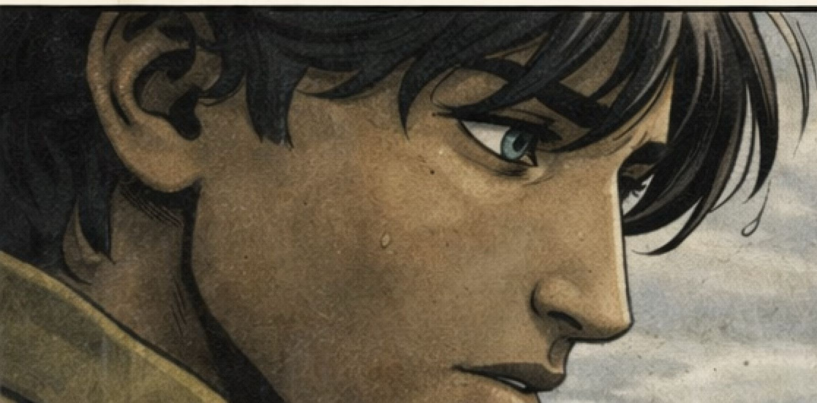


"To pass..."

...you must let it go."



"This is attachment."







"NO."

You won't take
her from me.

What we had was real.



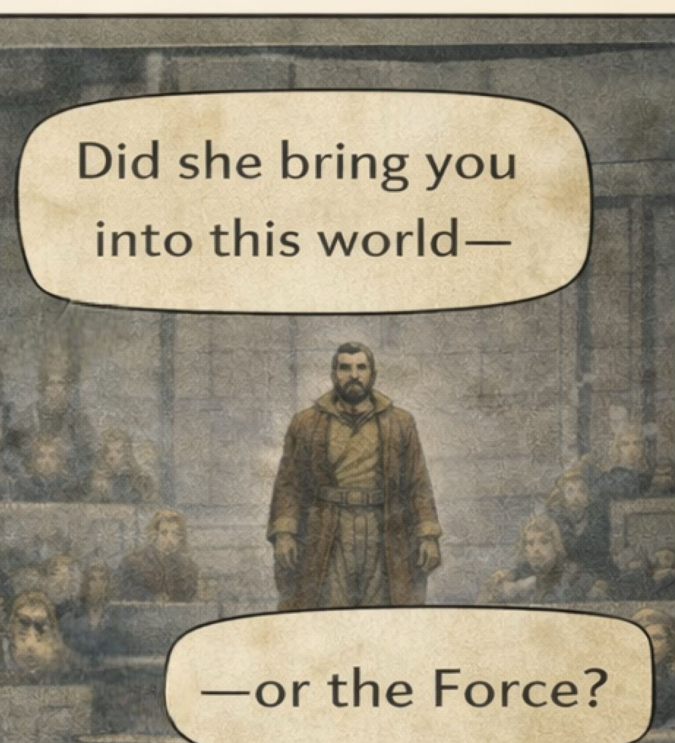


She's not an illusion, **NO!**

What are you Jedi
doing to me?



Did she bring you
into this world—



—or the Force?

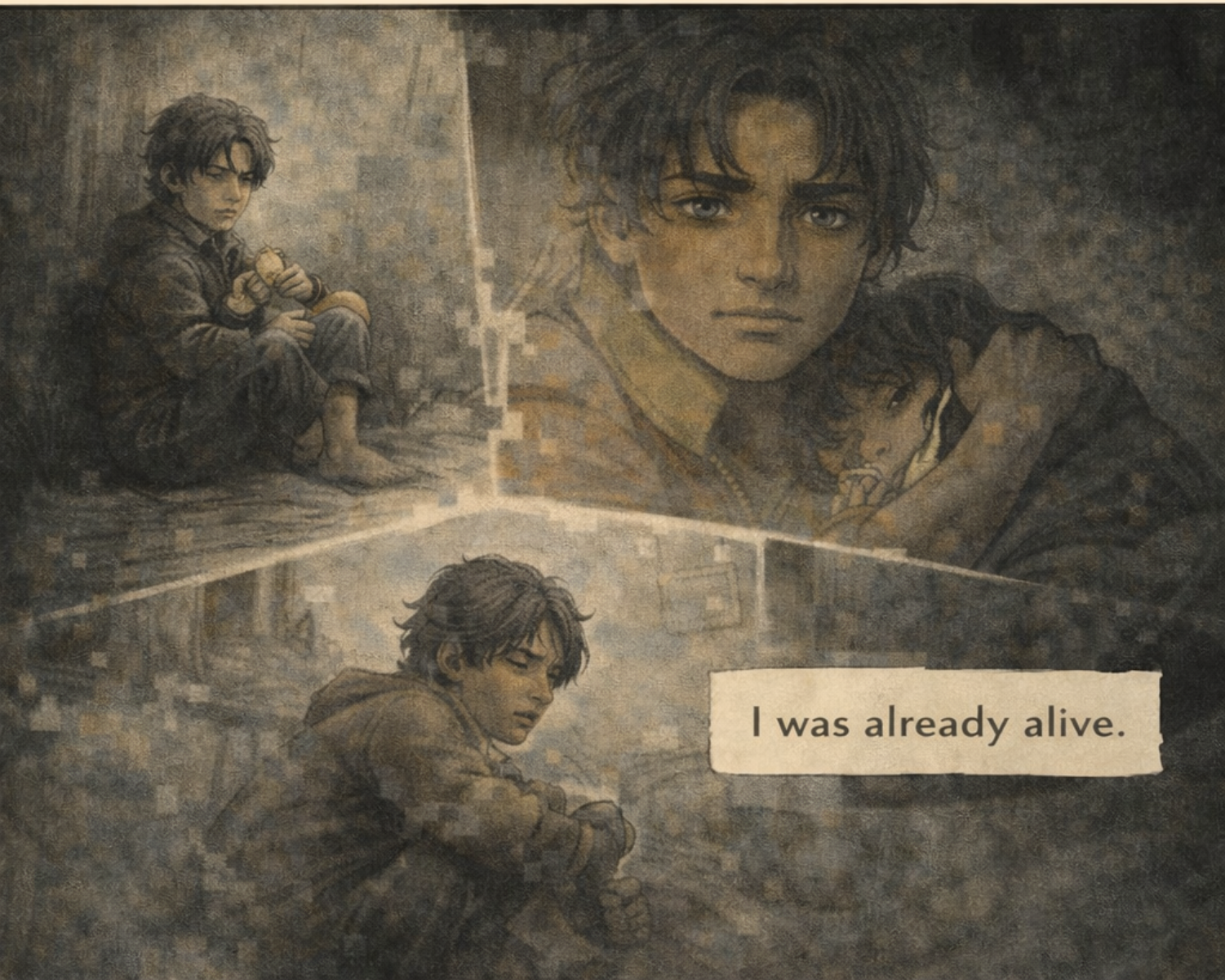








She didn't save me...



I was already alive.



He carried me... long before I loved her.



"...okay."



Well done
Ezra Bridger !





YOU DID WHAT WAS ASKED OF
YOU. THAT'S THE DUTY
OF A JEDI.



I DON'T CARE ABOUT
BEING A JEDI.



I HAD EVERYTHING SIMPLE.

I HAD HER.



NOW SHE'S GONE.

WHY DOES EVERYTHING
HAVE TO BE SO -
COMPLICATED?.





THIS WORLD IS UNFINISHED, EZRA.

IT'S FULL OF PAIN
BECAUSE IT'S STILL BEING FUGHT
FOR.



I KNOW HIDING FEELS SAFER.

I WANTED THAT TOO.

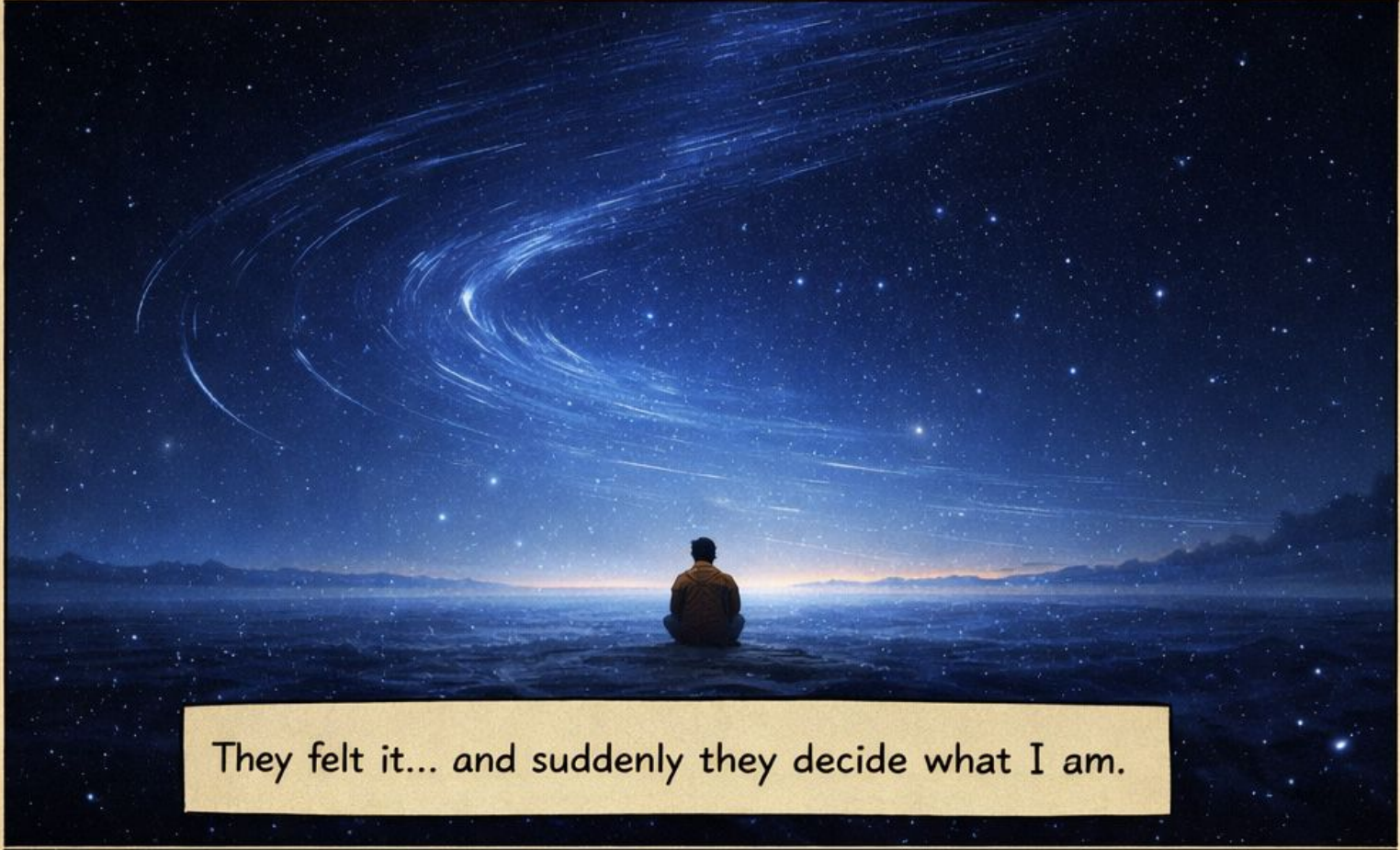
BUT YOU CAN'T HEAL THE WORLD
FROM INSIDE A CAVE.



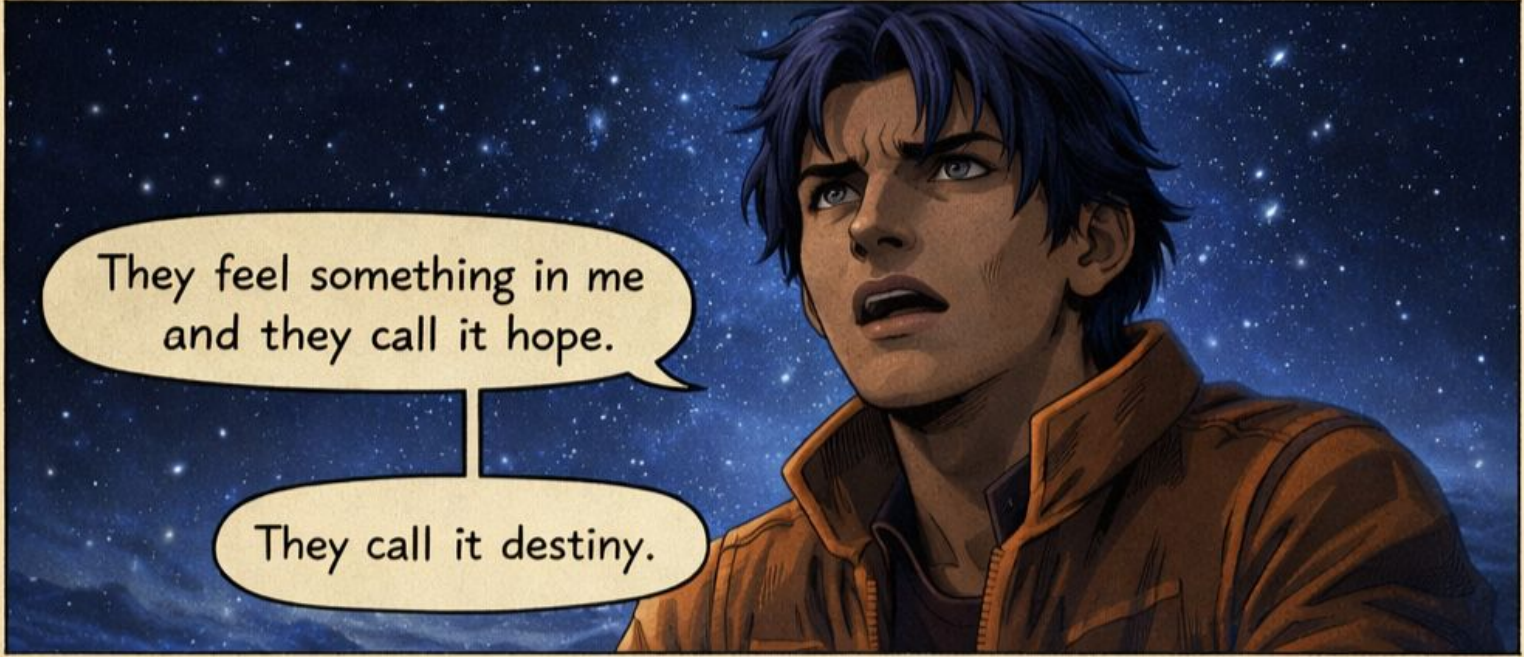






A wide shot of a person sitting on a beach, looking out at a vast, starry night sky. A large, glowing blue nebula with swirling patterns dominates the upper half of the frame. The horizon is visible in the distance, with a faint glow of light. The person is seen from behind, sitting on the sand.

They felt it... and suddenly they decide what I am.

A close-up of a young man with dark, wavy hair, looking up at the starry night sky. He has a thoughtful or perhaps slightly distressed expression. He is wearing a brown jacket. The background is filled with stars and a soft blue glow.

They feel something in me
and they call it hope.

They call it destiny.



BUT THEY DON'T KNOW ME.

THEY DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT COSTS.

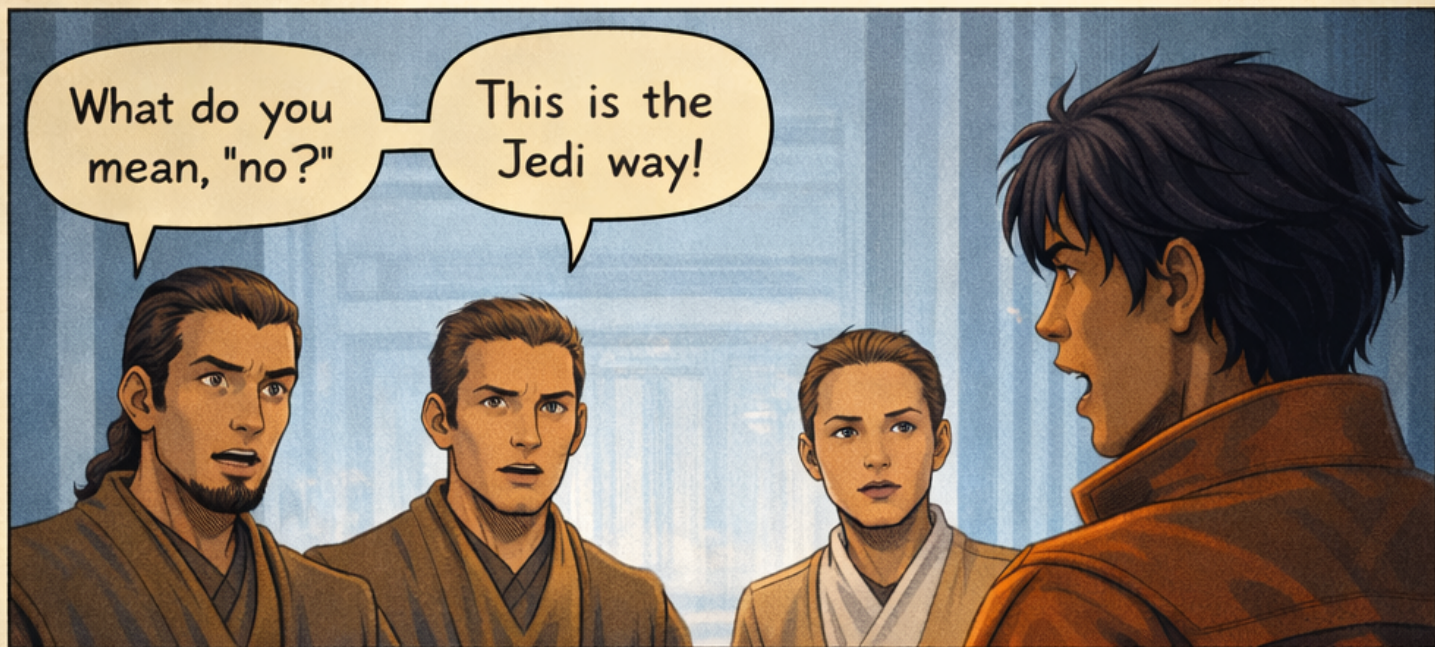


They look at me like
I'm supposed to fix it.

Like I'm supposed to
carry them.















We have a
CODE RED.

The Chosen One
has abandoned his
station.

STOMP STOMP

STUN HIM!



ZAP



ZAP

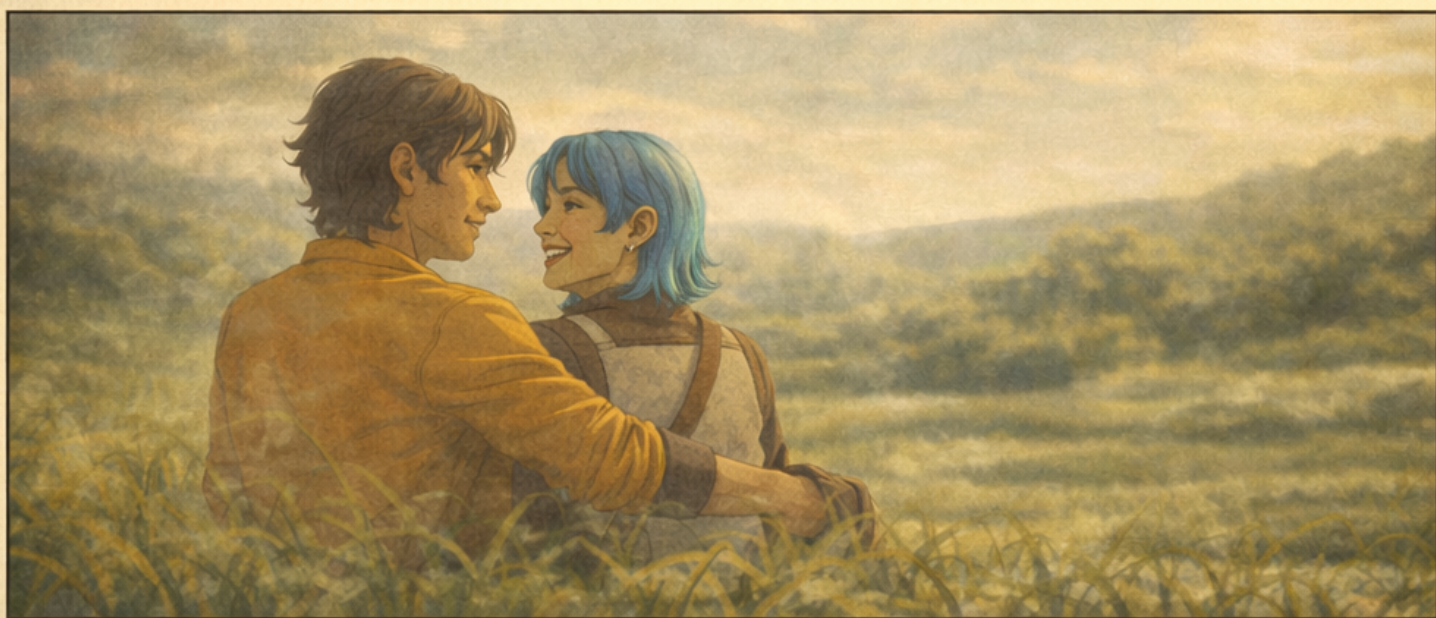


ZAP













I never told you, Sabine but...



I love you.

A person with short dark hair, wearing a bright yellow jacket, stands with their back to the camera, looking out over a vast, misty landscape. The terrain is covered in low-lying green and yellow vegetation, with rolling hills in the distance. The sky is filled with soft, white and grey clouds, creating a hazy atmosphere. The overall color palette is muted, with the yellow jacket providing a strong contrast.

...This is goodbye.